Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2017 with funding from
LYRASIS and LYRASIS Members

https://archive.org/details/missilethe1913pete_8

The Missile

DECEMBER, 1913.

Petersburg High School
Petersburg, Virginia.

Contents.

Christmas—Poem—Louise Talbott 1
The Day-Dreamer—Sketch—Ida Routh 2
The Other Way—G. Spooner Dunn 3
When Satan Was Defeated—Meyer Lavenstein 9
Katie's Christmas—Mary McCaleb 14
On Christmas Night—Dorothy Spooner 17
The First Christmas Night—Poem—Mildred H. McCaleb 18
Editorials 19
School Notes 24
Alumni Notes 27
Athletics 29
Exchanges 30
Advertisements 32
Jokes, etc., ... Interspersed.

Contents.

Christmas—Poem—Louise Talbott 1
The Day-Dreamer—Sketch—Ida Routh 2
The Other Way—G. Spooner Dunn 3
When Satan Was Defeated—Meyer Lavenstein 9
Katie's Christmas—Mary McCaleb 14
On Christmas Night—Dorothy Spooner 17
The First Christmas Night—Poem—Mildred H. McCaleb 18
Editorials 19
School Notes 24
Alumni Notes 27
Athletics 29
Exchanges 30
Advertisements 32
Jokes, etc., ... Interspersed.

THE MISSILE

Published by the Students of the Petersburg High School,
PETERSBURG, VIRGINIA.

Vol. III. DECEMBER, 1913. No. 2

CHRISTMAS.

O'er the white-draped, silent world, the moon
With soft, yet penetrating rays, looks down;
The dry boughs rattle noisily, and dark night,
With its peaceful shadows, enfolds the slumbering town.

The tinkling chimes have ceased, and silence as
A King rules with imperial sway.
The noise of day is ended; calm peace holds
The slumbering city, waiting coming day.

'Tis the eve of Christ's nativity, and angels
In their white robes hover near,
While from the cloud-banked sky the Eastern star
Dispels with wondrous power the shadows drear.

The guardian spirit lingers watchfully,
In honor of the Holy Christ Child's birth,
And, as a solemn benediction, breathes
With cadence: "Peace, goodwill to men on earth."

M. Louise Talbott, '14.

THE DAY-DREAMER.

YOU can always know a day-dreamer by his eyes. They are large and dreamy and usually half closed; they are deep, as if there were no end to them, and you can look back so far, indeed, that you almost get lost in them. They are eyes that can look through space into the past; eyes that seem intent upon scenes that, perhaps, happened weeks ago, while their owner stops his work to go back to what has already happened; eyes that are true and honest and sympathetic, and that look straight at you without faltering.

The day-dreamer is one who loves the fireside in the twilight of a cold winter evening; one who loves to watch the shadows dance to and fro on the walls and ceiling, and to imagine they are people of a far country, or of an ancient time; one that can make kings and queens from these same shadows, and then change them to ancient Egyptians worshiping their gods, or Greeks celebrating their Olympic games, or Crusaders going to rescue the Holy Land, each man in hope of winning praise from some fair lady.

He is one who loves to read, and then to dream of those characters he has just read of, and make them repeat again and again the deeds in the book,—with countless variations. He is one who loves nature in all her aspects; one who would go to almost any amount of trouble rather than harm any fellow creature; one who would not hesitate to lay down his life for another; but still one who would do without anything, rather than work for it.

He is made up of many conflicting interests. He is good and honest at heart, and does the right thing when he can do so easily; but he is unpardonably lazy, preferring to take what he can get for the least effort, rather than work and succeed. But those who know him love him, and love him as much for his faults as for his virtues, because he is lovable.

IDA ROUTH, '16.

THE OTHER WAY.

"CHRISTMAS," sighed Marcia Wells, pinning on her shabby hat preparatory to going home, after a long day of decorating at *Gerald's Department Store*, "what is it but a time of more work, less sleep, and aching limbs?"

"Oh, go on, Marcia," said Bella Simmons, smoothing the weary-looking feather on her green plush toque. "I've saved six dollars already, and the time I won't have ain't worth speaking of."

Marcia smiled sadly and said, "But, Bella, I don't see how on earth you can go out after a day like this."

"Well," answered the girl, giving a last pat to her hair and dabbing a soiled chamois on her rouged cheeks, "You see, Marcia, Tommy and me is engaged; and if I tell him I'm too tired to go out to a show at night, he gets into an awful tantrum; so I have to play the gay bird when I'm almost done for. But —— "

"Hello, there!" a voice sounded from the side door, and the tall overcoated figure of Bobby Gerald, the son of the head of the firm, appeared.

Marcia blushed and moved toward the door, but Bella smiled brightly and said, "Oh, it's you!"

They talked a few minutes and then went out of the side door.

"Oh, here's Tommy," said Bella, joining a man standing at the door, "Good-night, Marcia, see you to-morrow."

Bobby lifted his hat, and they passed on.

"Miss Marcia," he said, "may I see you home?"

Poor Marcia was too astounded to reply. All of those past six weeks she had waited behind the counter as a salesgirl and worshipped Bobby Gerald from afar. When she ate, she thought about him: and when she slept, she dreamed of him; and now he was asking her to let him see her home.

"Oh, yes," Marcia's voice sounded tremblingly.

He led her to his car, standing at the curb, and she was soon tucked in between the heavy fur robes. What they talked of during that ride Marcia never knew. Her head was in a whirl, but they soon reached home. She heard him telling her good-bye, and in a few minutes the car whirled away from the curb, and he was gone. She went into the kitchen where her mother was preparing a frugal supper. The girl sank down in a chair and began to take off her things.

"Are you tired, dear?" her mother asked.

"No, mother dear," she answered, "but it's been such a busy day. Where's Beth?"

"Asleep on the couch in the other room."

She went into the next room and brought the little

golden-haired sister out in her arms. The child was about five years old, and her eyes were so blue and her hair was so golden that sometimes she looked almost ethereal. But poor little Beth was a cripple. She had had infantile paralysis when only two years old, and since then she had never walked.

They sat down to supper, Marcia sitting by Beth.

"Sister," the little girl said, "I've got the loveliest kind of a book. It's got lots of pictures about beautiful toys that Santa Claus brings to good little children. Sister Marcia," and her blue eyes looked larger than ever and full of pleading; "I've been the goodest kind of a girl, don't you reckon he'll come to see me?"

Poor Marcia's eyes filled with tears, and a great sob swelled up in her throat. Her mother leaned over and kissed her sympathetically.

"Come, baby," she said, picking up Beth, "let's go to bed."

"Never mind, mother," the child said, her voice trembling, "maybe he won't forget me because—because I can't walk."

Mrs. Wells put Beth to bed and then came back to the small kitchen, where Marcia was pinning on her hat.

"Why, you're not going out to-night!" her mother exclaimed.

"Yes, Mother," said the girl, "but I won't be long."

"Marcia Wells," said her mother, pushing the tired girl into a chair and seating herself in another, "what have you in that bundle?"

Marcia slowly unwrapped the package, disclosing a small miniature painted on ivory and framed in gold. The mother gazed at the picture in silence and then took

it from the girl, placed it again in the box, and laid it upon the table.

"Mother," moaned the girl, her head on the table, "I've just got to pawn it. Beth has got to have a Christmas present of some kind."

"But there's the coal and wood to be paid for this week, besides the rent, and it's only two days before Christmas," said Mrs. Wells.

"I know it," Marcia replied, "that's why this must go."

"No, dear," her mother said, "this is one relic of our better days, which you must keep."

"But why?" asked the girl. "Why should we be reminded of days gone by?"

"Dear," she replied, "you must keep this and find another way."

"Another way!" echoed Marcia, and then she went to bed.

All the next day her thoughts were in a whirl as the result of Bobby Gerald's asking her early that morning if he might take her home that night. How that day passed, or the ride home, she never knew, but she remembered her invitation to him to come in and his accepting. Beth was sitting in her chair by the fire in the tiny sitting room, looking at the pictures in her *Wonderful Book*, as she termed it.

"Why, Miss Wells," he exclaimed, turning to Marcia, after gazing a long time at Beth, "who is she?"

"My little sister," Marcia answered.

"What an angel she is!" he said reverently.

"Yes, she is, aren't you, Beth dear?" she said, taking the child into her arms and disclosing the little crippled legs.

Beth looked at Bobby in wonder. Presently she spoke to him. "Are you the Santa Claus man?" she asked sweetly.

Bobby laughed heartily. "Me?—the Santa Claus man?" he exclaimed; "not at all; but what do you know about Santa Claus, my little lady?" he added, taking her into his arms.

"Oh," she cried, "I've got the most beautiful book that tells all about the Santa Claus man and the beautiful toys he brings to little boys and girls, and I did want a baby doll that was in my book. "But," she said, "Mother says that he won't come to see me because——"

"Beth!" exclaimed Marcia sharply.

The child opened her eyes in surprise, but at the sight of her beautiful sister's eyes filled with tears she stopped abruptly.

"I'm sleepy now," she said to Bobby, "won't you put me in my chair?"

Bobby laid her down tenderly, and she whispered in his ear, "If you see the Santa Claus man, you'll tell him about me and about Marcia too, because she's always so tired, and there are always so many bills——"

"Baby," said Bobby, placing a pillow behind her head and giving her the *Beautiful Book*, "go to sleep." And soon afterwards he left.

That night Marcia went to bed earlier than usual. Besides being very tired there was something troubling her which she could not explain.

The next morning, while she was eating her breakfast, the bell rang, and Bobby appeared with his arms full of mistletoe and holly.

"Oh, Mr. Gerald," exclaimed Marcia, "how nice of you!"

He asked for Beth, but she was asleep, and he would not allow Mrs. Wells to wake her. He took Marcia down to the store in his car and told her that he would come back for her that afternoon at five.

"But this is Christmas Eve," Marcia replied sadly, "and we're on until eleven to-night."

"I've seen Father," he explained, "and it will be all right."

"Oh," she exclaimed, "you are too good."

When she received her pay envelope, she took fifty cents out of it.

"I'm going to buy her the doll," she said to herself. "I know that I ought to pay for the wood this week, but—it's the only way."

He came for her at five; and as he helped her into the machine, she noticed the numerous boxes and packages that it contained.

"Some one looks as though he might have been Christmas shopping," she said.

"Yes," he answered, "I'm playing the Santa Claus man."

"Oh!" she exclaimed, and the rest of the ride she was very quiet.

When Marcia reached home and Bobby got out of the car with her, she stopped.

"Mr. Gerald," she said, "it is lovely of you to want to do this for Beth, but I really cannot allow it."

He looked at her and then spoke gravely, "Miss Marcia, I'm sorry, but I cannot allow you to interfere with the Santa Claus man."

They both laughed, and Marcia said that she guessed it was all right. They went into the house, where Mrs. Wells was surprised by the numerous bundles and pack-

ages. She told them that Beth was in the sitting-room. They opened the door, but the little girl lay asleep in her chair. Marcia smiled at a piece of mistletoe tied under the chandelier.

"Angel," she said, smiling down upon the sleeping child.

"My Angel," he said, smiling down upon Marcia.

"Oh, Mr. Gerald—Bobby," she exclaimed, not daring to look up.

"Darling," he murmured, drawing her into his arms; and Marcia sighed.

"What is it?" he whispered.

"I was only thinking that there *was* another way"

Suddenly Beth sat up in her chair and pointed a tiny finger at them.

"Mother," she exclaimed, "they're kissing—under my mistletoe!"

G. Spooner Dunn.

WHEN SATAN IS DEFEATED.

AMUEL Jones, leaning against the railing while walking up the porch steps, suddenly tripped and fell. It was evident that he was intoxicated, as his coat was torn in the back, his costly Panama hat was broken, and his shoes were covered with mud. He picked himself up, and crawling on his hands and knees, reached the front door-

way, when he with difficulty regained his feet. On entering he was met by an elderly man, stout and muscular in figure. It was clearly seen that he was wealthy, as his dwelling was filled with magnificent paintings and costly relics.

The father faced his son, with jaws set and head erect, but was met by drooping shoulders and a hanging head.

Mr. Jones did not hesitate to speak, and in angry tones he said, "Do you think you are doing credit to me, Samuel, or do you think you are doing credit to yourself by allowing yourself to get in such a condition? This has happened too many times; and let this happen again, another story will be told. I have spoken enough, for your present condition does not allow you to understand me."

Samuel did not answer, nor did he lift his head; but he slowly walked up the stairs, and trudged into his room.

He arose early in the morning, and by ten o'clock was in the library. An imaginary picture of the events of the night before came before him, and in firm tones he said to himself, "I will stop drinking; I must."

Two weeks passed by, and no event of particular interest occurred. Samuel did some light work in his father's office, but he spent most of his time in roaming the streets.

One afternoon while strolling down Fifth Avenue in "little 'ole New York," he was met by one of his chums, Arthur Jackson. He immediately extended his hand, and a warm greeting followed.

"Why, Sam," exclaimed Arthur, "I haven't seen you down at the club for two weeks. What's the matter, sworn off?"

"Yes, I intend to," Sam coolly replied.

"Don't act foolish, Sam; why that seems impossible," returned Arthur, almost disgusted. "Come on; anyway let's have a 'highball,' only one."

The strain was too great for Samuel, continual yielding had made him very weak; he succumbed, a victim to his passion for drink. "Well, come on," he answered shortly.

Together they entered a nearby saloon, Arthur leading the way. One drink called for another; and when they left the saloon, Samuel was leaning on Arthur's shoulder. A pitiful scene it was to behold Samuel struggling along. Again and again he fell, but at length he came to his home. Staggering, he reached the steps and managed to enter the door-way.

When he came into the hall, he was approached by his father. With clenched fists he stared into his son's face; but restraining himself, he said coldly: "Samuel Jones, I wish to have an interview with you to-morrow morning at ten o'clock."

"All right, Sir," Samuel, sobered for the moment, forced himself to say.

Aided by the butler, he reached his room, and throwing himself on the bed, he soon fell asleep.

In the morning, after eating a hearty meal, he sauntered into his father's office. The latter was writing, and did not move when the door was opened by his son. The faint smile on Samuel's face faded when he saw his father's hardened look, and quickly his own jaws were set.

"Take a seat," his father ordered.

Samuel immediately sat down.

The older man looked directly into Samuel's face and began to speak.

"No doubt you know what I called you here for," he said, rising to his feet; "no doubt you know what to expect. I have told you time and time again to stop drinking, but it has had no effect. Do you realize that you caused your mother's death? Do you realize that you are ruining your character? Do you realize that you are a victim of drink—Satan's tool, and mankind's curse? May God help you if you don't. Some day, no doubt, you will awaken to realize this. I have spoken enough," continued the father as he pointed his finger at Samuel; "I have warned you enough, and now you must go,—go and do not return until you have learned self-control."

Samuel Jones sank back, but quickly regained control of himself. Rising from the chair, his fists clenched, his face hardened, he stared at his father and exclaimed,

"I will, Sir, and I shall show what can be done with another chance."

Heartbroken he went to his room, packed his clothes in a valise, and left his home. "How miserable I am!" he said to himself. "Just think, with only twenty dollars in my purse, to start out in the world, with no home, no friends, alone. I shall go West as far as my money will carry me."

He arrived at the railroad station just in time to catch the train for Omaha. On the train the minutes were like hours, and the hours like days. He thought and thought, but arrived at no conclusion. He did not know where he was going, but it would be somewhere far, far away. He stopped off at Chicago to refresh himself, but his mind was ill at ease. After staying in Chicago

for a short time, he again boarded the train and went on his way to Omaha.

"Dad was right," he murmured to himself; "he told me the right thing; I must row my own boat."

At last he arrived at Omaha, with but ten cents in his pocket. He purchased a sandwich at a lunch counter, which refreshed him greatly.

Penniless he left the lunch room and leaned against a deserted building. His thoughts were on everything. He was hoping for something to come his way. He was terrified as he thought of himself, Samuel Jones, son of E. T. Jones, penniless and alone in the world. Suddenly an idea came to him. He would sell his valise and clothes. This was his only hope. He made his way to a pawnshop and after some dickering, received five dollars for all his belongings, including his watch. The only thing he kept was his mother's ring. He now had more courage and planned to go to Cripple Creek to try to secure work in a mine.

A few minutes later he was on his way to Cripple Creek. What was before him he did not know. In amazement he watched through the window of the train the beautiful scenery and the lofty rugged mountains, dotted with trees and with a village here and there. Then they came to a large canyon through which flowed a beautiful stream in which the reflection of the over hanging trees was clearly seen. The deep valley and steep precipices all added to his amazement; so the time passed more rapidly, and before he realized it, he was at Cripple Creek.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

MEYER LAVENSTEIN, '16.

KATIE'S CHRISTMAS.

KATIE was going to stay a long time at Aunt Kate's. Aunt Kate lived in a large, stately old mansion all by herself, and Katie expected to be very lonesome; for Aunt Kate was a maiden aunt, very severe and very precise, and altogether as disagreeable as she could be. But the thing was inevitable. The doctor had told Katie that Willie would die if Mother did not take him to a warmer climate, and that it was not altogether safe for her to stay with him, for he had a contagious disease. Since it was helping Mother, of course, she would go and be as good as she could; but it was very hard for a little girl like her.

After a very sad parting with her Mother, Katie started for Aunt Kate's. Aunt Kate met her at the station and only said, "Come along." With a swelling heart Katie followed her; only the thought of Mother kept her from crying; and, although a few tears found their way down her cheeks, still she fought them back, for she would not let Aunt Kate see her cry for anything in the world—no, not even if it would bring Mother back. When they arrived, Aunt Kate said, "You may remove your wraps, Katherine, for the repast is upon the table."

With lingering steps Katie went up stairs to remove her wraps. Everything was in precisely the same position in which it had been when she had last been there. She felt as though she would love to scatter everything around and just lie down on the snow-white bed and scream and kick; but instead she only put her wraps away, and fell in a heap on the floor and cried. Her

tears flowed faster and faster, and her small frame was shaking with the pent-up emotion, which had burst forth. Christmas indeed! Peace and good-will to men! Poor little Katie! She had been so happy before Willie had been taken sick.

She heard Aunt Kate walking down stairs, and she knew that she could remain no longer. She dashed some water into her face, and bathed her eyes; then she went down to Aunt Kate. They ate their meal in silence, and ever the picture of their happy family sprang before her eyes, and a lump would rise in her throat and choke her; and Aunt Kate would say, "Katherine!" and look severely at her. When she thought she could stand it no more, her aunt said, "You may amuse yourself until half-past eight; then you must retire."

She went into the sitting room and curled up on the sofa, a forlorn little heap of humanity, gazing wistfully at the passersby; all seemed so happy, hurrying along; and she felt so alone in the world. It seemed ages before her aunt told her it was half-past eight. The thought struck her, wasn't she going to hang up her stocking? How could she go to bed without her mother's good-night kiss? She dragged her weary little self up stairs. That night she cried herself to sleep.

The next morning she felt so miserable she thought she would go to the Orphan Asylum, but her mother would not like that. Finally she thought of a very nice plan. She got one of Aunt Kate's magazines. There in the advertisements she found a cedar tree about three inches tall. She then found the picture of a doll, which she straightway hung on the tree; numerous other toys were cut out and hung on the tree. She played thus so

long that dinner time came, and she knew nothing except that she was having a glorious time. She was marching around singing "O little town of Bethlehem;" she did not hear Aunt Kate come to the door. Aunt Kate gave one glance and then she went and told Carrie, the cook, to make some cakes and pies and anything else that a child would like; she then went into the hall to watch Katie while she played.

When finally the dinner bell rang, Katie went very slowly to dinner; and great was her surprise to see the delicacies which Carrie had made for her. One large cake stood in the centre of the table with *Katie* written on it in icing.

After dinner, as she sat again on the sofa, a carriage stopped in front of the house and her father came up the path, his arms full of presents. They were all for her. Her Christmas was not going to end so badly after all. And Father said it would be all right if she hung up her stocking on Christmas night instead of Christmas eve. And so she did. Aunt Kate kept saying, "Charles, you will ruin that child." But Father paid no attention. He knew what was best to do.

That night she cried herself to sleep—not from sorrow, but from joy. And when Aunt Kate came to look at the sleeper, she was smiling happily in her sleep.

Mary McCaleb, '13.

ON CHRISTMAS NIGHT.

"Um-m," groaned Johnny, "nobody here but me to eat this Christmas dinner. A-l-l this dinner. I wonder if I can eat all this dinner; guess I'll start at the head of the table and take most all!" With that he took up the carving knife, but it immediately fell out of his hand and said in a squeaking voice, "Sit down, Johnny; this is Christmas, and we must all celebrate." At once the turkey jumped out of the dish and began the *Turkey Trot.*

"Now the chicken will give us a dance," said the carving knife. With a flap of her wings the chicken was out of the dish, and with the rabbit, danced the *Bunny Hug.*

Then the salsify, the celery, the potatoes, the radishes, and the pickle hastened towards the centre of the table and together danced the *Two Step.* The holly and the Boston fern gracefully sprang from the cut glass vase and danced the *Boston Dip.* Next the old Virginia ham at the foot of the table lazily got out of the dish, and with the plum-pudding, danced the *Virginia Reel.* On one corner of the table the fruit cake and the pound cake were dancing with skill the *Cake Walk.*

"Gee," groaned Johnny, "wonder what the jelly will do." With that out jumped the jelly, and whirled off the cranberry sauce in the *Jelly Wabble.*

Then the pitcher sang in a silvery tone, "*Don't Wake me up when I'm Dreaming.*

And just then Johnny awoke. He remembered now that it was Christmas night. "Wish I hadn't eaten so much dinner," groaned he.

DOROTHY M. SPOONER, '16.

THE FIRST CHRISTMAS NIGHT.

On the lonely hills near Bethlehem
The sheep are safe from harm,
For the shepherds keep their nightly watch
Through the midnight clear and calm.

Then from the heavens dark and drear
A soft, sweet sound is faintly heard.
It cannot be, in the dead of night,
The thrilling song of a lonely bird.

No, for it clearer and clearer grows;
It comes from a heavenly angel band.
The sky is suffused with a radiant glow,
Which lights up the whole dark land.

And the joyous song which fills the air
Brings a promise sweet and dear,
For it tells of peace which shall be on earth
And good-will to all who hear.

And when the angel chorus ceased,
The shepherds sought the babe,
Who was to be their lord and king,
And to him their homage paid.

MILDRED H. MCCALEB, '14.

STAFF.

Louise Talbott, '14 . . . . . Editor-in-Chief

ASSOCIATE EDITORS.

M. Francis Drewry, '14. William F. Nufer, '16.

Clara C. Jackson, '14 . . . . . Exchange Editor
Irene Gilliam, '14 . . . . . Alumni Editor
Roslyn Young, '14 . . . . . Boys' Athletic Editor
Mary E. Young, '17 . . . . . Girls' Athletic Editor
Beatrice M. Coleman, '14 . . . . . Head Reporter
Charles A. Camp, '14 . . . . . Business Manager
Richard D. Gilliam, Jr., '15, Tarleton F. Heath, Jr., '15 . . . . . Assistant Business Managers
Reuben E. Alley, '14 . . . . . Circulating Manager
Charles R. Jackson, '16 . . . . . Art Editor

Published on the 10th of each month by the pupils of the Petersburg High School.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE: 50c. per session; 10c. a single copy.

Address all communications to the Petersburg High School, Petersburg, Va.

Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at Petersburg, Virginia.

"And the kindly spirit of Christmas
Makes brothers of us all."

HAPPINESS does not come to those who wait; but often in forgetting self and striving to make others happy, we stumble unconsciously upon it. Christmas was intended as a time of happiness; happiness

counted not by the number of gifts we receive, but in rememberance of the divine command: "It is more blessed to give than to receive." Christmas commemorates the birth of one whose life was a life of sorrow and whose happiness was the happiness of others. And that is the spirit of Christmas; not in giving to receive, but in giving for the happiness of others. Few of us can remember definitely the gifts we received as youngsters, but none of us ever forgets the celebration of Christmas in our own childhood days; the heaps of pop corn, the odor of fruit cake, and the breathless excitement that was crowded into those few wonderful days before Christmas. How pleasant it was on Christmas Eve to cuddle before the cracking logs and listen to Father tell beautiful Yule tide stories of "ye olden days"! Then when the fire died down, we would hang up our stockings and creep off to bed filled with mysterious visions. Those were our happiest days and none of the empty and mechanical joys of today can make up for the loss of them. "Where can one find Christmas happiness?" is the question. Happiness lies in making others happy; so let's all pretend that "everybody's lonesome" and do all we can to cheer them. Remember that poverty and rags are not always a sign of unhappiness and that the fellow who trudges indifferently along in his elegant clothes may be the lonesomest of all. Make this Christmas one of neighborly love in remembering some one less fortunate than yourself. Let the topmost star on your tree be a star of generous giving, and as a reward reap the coveted gift of the gods: Happiness.

IN connection with Christmas and giving, the editors have a suggestion to offer. As you all know, we are greatly in need of a new High School. Numerous steps have been taken in this direction, and we have every reason to believe that we shall soon be rewarded by having a High School building as good if not better than any other in the State. Of course, every one wishes to take part in urging on this movement, and this is the plan we wish to propose: that each pupil in the High School contribute the small sum of five cents, not more, with which to purchase pictures for the school. It would not only beautify the school but would let the school-board see that the students are doing their share in improving the school, and will perhaps lead them on to do greater things for us. Think over their suggestion, and let this be your Christmas gift to old P. H. S.

THE FIRST school term is well under way and *The Missile* under the present staff has but one remaining issue. The school has worked well, and the staff appreciates the interest you have manifested. Material for the first month came in with a rush, flooding the editorial table. Interest was at its height, but somehow it seems to have diminished and the inrush of the material has suddenly stopped. What is the matter? Has your school spirit died, or is it that you are just too busy? The latter, let us hope. The school has never failed us; it has always measured up to the required standard; so

let us all get to work on something at once, whether it be a story, poem, or joke. If you have written once and it failed to appear in *The Missile*, do not let that discourage you; try again, and perhaps this time you may turn out something worthy of a genius. Remember, too, everything contributed goes in the prize contest, which, by the way, has been changed. Through the kindness of Mr. Hatcher Seward we are able to give prizes for each separate term instead of for the entire year as was at first decided upon. Keep this in mind; fan up the dying embers of your school spirit; and let the Christmas holidays be your chance of writing something for the next issue.

THE SCHOOLS of to-day are gradually turning from the old idea of teaching the theories of subjects and are devoting more time and attention to work which has an immediate practical application. Before this year our school has been forced to watch the progress which the schools of neighboring cities are making in such subjects as domestic science and manual training. However, this session the school board, thanks to the generosity of our city fathers, has been enabled to give our school an up-to-date equipment in both these departments.

One of the rooms in the basement has been fitted up for manual training. There are fifteen work benches in the room, all fitted up with attractive sets of tools. On one side there is a row of lockers, in which the boys keep the material on which they are working. The room has

been supplied with many small articles, which were made by the boys and which give it the appearance of an up-to-date laboratory. Great interest has been manifested in the work so far. Classes have been organized from the several rooms, and the schedule is about completed.

The size of the room is the only drawback, and this can be remedied only when we get a new high school building, which we trust we shall get in the near future. Next term the work will be in full swing, and with the aid of the well equipped room and an able instructor there is no doubt our school will soon have a very creditable iudustrial arts department.

A country justice of the peace was trying a city man for speeding on the highway.

"I find you guilty and fix your fine at $47," said the justice.

"I should like to remind you," said the unfortunate speeder, "that the limit for speeding is only $15."

"I know that," replied the justice, "but the $32 additional is for contempt of court."

"Your Honor," cried the city man, "I have never treated the court with contempt."

"You haven't yet," said the justice, "but you are going to do so before you get a mile down the road, so you might as well pay now for what you are going to say."

. . . . . .

A smoking-jacket is a thing a man rebellious wears,
When company's allowed to come and view the house upstairs.

School Notes.

Wanted—A human encyclopedia to answer Traylor's questions in II A English.

. . . . . .

Miss Pilcher asked the pupils of I A if they had studied Mensuration in the grammer schools. Most of the pupils said yes. Miss K. and Mr. W. asked the meaning of the word, and then no one had studied it.

. . . . . .

Miss W. in II A Latin when called upon to translate, "Nostros, victorias, fluminum tranisse, viderunt," said, "They beheld our victories to have crossed the river."

. . . . . .

Miss M. wishes Mr. R. of I A to control his violent emotions so that the building won't shake when he takes his seat.

. . . . . .

The class of I A wishes to inform some of its members that the Persians had a despotic government and not a "spotted" one.

. . . . . .

Miss M.—"What is succotash?"

Mr. R.—"A vegetable made of butterbeans and corn."

Lost—While playing basket-ball on the High School grounds, some dark brown hair. Reward if returned to Miss H.

. . . . . .

Miss R.—"What does the long mark over the "a" in "*amicitia* mean."

Mr. R.—"It means friendship."

. . . . . .

Miss C., teaching about salt water in the I B. class, said, "If you put pickle in salt water, it will——"

Mr. R. immediately holds up his hand and says "An egg will float."

. . . . . .

Miss A. of I B. has wonderful eyesight. In a composition she said she could see the leaves turning brown.

. . . . . .

Among the visitors at the school this month was Mr. Hellwig, a former teacher of the Petersburg High School, but now the Virginia representative of Allyn & Bacon, publishers.

. . . . . .

Miss D— to Mr. B— in IVB English. "What is the most important word in, He may go home now?" Mr. B— (quickly) Home.

. . . . . .

The Seniors had to mark their own English tests for this month. And would you believe it, according to their marking, four got the passing mark. Beware, Seniors! "Coming events cast their shadows before."

. . . . . .

Miss Beard, our French and German teacher, has been absent twice from school lately to see that the marriage ceremony of two of her friends was properly performed. Let us hope that she has not become too infatuated with such things, and that the 'matrimonial bee will not get in her bonnet' any time in the near future.

Mr. G. on being asked where the Battle of Great Bridge was fought replied:

"On page 133, right over the battle of Moore's Creek."

. . . . . .

Miss C.— "What are andirons and trammels?"

Mr. A.— (vaguely); "They are long-legged things!"

. . . . . .

Miss D.—, on questioning the 7A2 class as to the course of the Tennessee river, received the following answer.

"It flew by Fort Henry."

Miss D.— "Did they get a shot at it?"

. . . . . .

Wanted by Miss M.— Four men to hold Mr. C.— when he knows the answer to a question.

. . . . . .

We wish to congratulate Mr. C.— on having reached his highest aim in life. He actually diagramed a sentence correctly.

. . . . . .

Miss G.— "Tell some of the things that nouns do."

Mr. B.— (with conviction): "Well, they modify verbs for one thing."

. . . . . .

Miss D.— "Do you ever argue in your daily life?"

Mr. O.— "Yes'm, I argue three times a day; at breakfast, at dinner, and at supper."

. . . . . .

One of the most enjoyable events of the past month was the visit to our school of Miss Mabel C. Bragg, the charming and talented story-teller of Boston and New York. Each of the stories that she so simply and yet so vividly told called forth much applause, and our only regret was that our assembly period was so short.

Irene Gilliam, Editor.

Not only every citizen of Petersburg should be interested in the education of its future citizens, but especially the alumni of the Petersburg High School should be interested in helping us to obtain as good an education as possible. The long list of graduates who have gone out from the old P. H. S., most of them to careers of distinction and honor that reflect great credit on their alma mater, have sought various occupations here and elsewhere, and we warrant that there is not one of them who will not say that their present lives have been influenced not a little by their association with their former high school teachers, and especially with Miss Bolling, their principal. This month we shall endeavor to

trace briefly the career of the class which graduated just ten years ago.

. . . . . .

Miss Ethel Pilcher, '03, after graduating at the Petersburg High School, took a two-year course at Hollins College. Since then she has been teaching in the public schools of this city, and is now teaching mathematics in this school.

. . . . . .

Misses Marie Deane, Annie Geroe, and Wilma Stephenson, since their graduation in 1903, have married.

. . . . . .

Miss May Tinsley is principal of a school near Church Road, Virginia.

. . . . . .

Miss Bessie Myers, '03, holds a position as a stenographer for the Appomattox Box Shook Company.

. . . . . .

Miss Virginia Willis is teaching school at Chester, Virginia.

. . . . . .

Mr. N. Harrison, 03, is vice-president of the Harrison Construction Company of this city.

. . . . . .

Mr. John E. Townes, '03, after his graduation, entered the United States Army, and is now a lieutenant stationed at Fort Stevens, Oregon.

. . . . . .

Mr. Herbert Pritchard, '03, stopped school just before graduation to accept a position with the Petersburg Savings and Insurance Company. Mr. Pritchard has been with this bank since then and has been steadily promoted.

Athletics

THE GIRLS' ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

The weather for the past month has been ideal for playing basket-ball. New back-stops have been erected and the grounds otherwise improved. Much interest is manifested by each member of the team.

Two match games have been played, one with the Chester High School team, and the other other with Highland Park High School. Although we were defeated both times, by playing with these excellent teams we gained many valuable points. The Chester girls had the advantage of height and of being on their own ground. We hope to wipe out the record of this defeat by a victory over them in the near future. In the game with Highland Park our centers were weak and our whole team lacked quickness. By diligent practice we are trying to remedy these defects.

. . . . . .

Dr. J. W. Stephenson, '03, is now a neurology specialist of New York City.

. . . . . .

Miss Mary Ruffin, '03, is now teaching in the R. E. Lee School of this city.

Exchange Department.

CLARA C. JACKSON, EDITOR.

It has been said that the progress of a nation may be determined by the progress of its literature; and if this principle were applied to the schools of this country, it would be found that they are growing better every year. The outlook is broader, and remarkable talent is shown in many of these magazines which will probably be heard from in future years. Most of the school magazines have certainly attained their ambition of becoming better this year than last. The stories are good; and, although the verse is small in quantity, it covers that defect by its quality.

The World, St. Paul, Minnesota, published a noteworthy story entitled "For His Brother." It is a tale of the "Wild West," and its author seems thoroughly familiar with the interesting conditions which exist in that romantic region.

"The Disgrace of the Regiment," published in the *Monthly Chronicle*, is an exceptionally good story. It tells of the worthless life of a man who redeems it by nobly sacrificing himself for his friend. It has for its setting conditions similar to Kipling's famous stories of India, and it is written in so interesting and picturesque a style that we are strongly reminded of Kipling himself.

"The Case of Faucett," in the Richmond College *Messenger*, is the story of a man who, having successfully

committeed murder, becomes a prey to fear and is convicted through its agency. It is written in a simple, straight-forward style, and every word holds the reader's attention.

The author of "He Changed His Mind," published in the *Critic*, shows a decided talent. It is a story of a Southern man who, after his estate had been sold during his youth to a northerner, returns to claim it. He falls in love with the attractive daughter of its occupant, and necessarily "changes his mind" in regard to claiming the estate. The plot is not a particularly new one, but it is written well and shows unquestionable talent.

"An Auto Accident," published in the *Retina*, gives promise of being a good story, but the plot is not fully developed, and the ending is too abrupt.

Among our other exchanges are: *The Virginia Guide*, *The Chamberlain Reveille*, *The Student*, *The Quill*, and *The John Marshall Record.*

Mr. John Gilliam, '03, holds a position with the British Cigarette Company in China, as stated in these columns last month.

. . . . . .

Father said to "freshie,"
When the term was near its end,
"How do the teachers like you,
My noble, little Ben?"
And Bennie said to Father
"They all hold me so dear
That for their special sake
I shall repeat my freshmen year."

THE BOY WITH A BANK ACCOUNT
BECOMES
THE MAN WITH A FORTUNE

A Savings Account in our Bank may open the way to a College Course or start you in business.

American Bank and Trust Co.

WM. B. McILWAINE, President.
W. J. RAHILY, Vice-President.
WALLACE D. BLANKS, Cashier.

JOHN MOYLER. **D. A. LYON, JR.**

INSURE YOUR PROPERTY WITH

J. E. MOYLER & CO.

INSURANCE IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

Fire Insurance Agents and Brokers.
Adjusters.
Licensed Conveyancers.
Notary Public.

MASONIC BUILDING. PETERSBURG, VA.

UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA.

CHARLOTTESVILLE, VA.

E. A. ALDERMAN, L.L.D., Presid'nt

THE COLLEGE

In this department, four-year courses can be selected leading to the degrees of Bachelor of Arts, and Bachelor of Science. Short Courses are offered for those unable to enter at opening of session.

The Department of Graduate Studies

In this department, an opportunity is given Bachelors of Arts, and Bachelors of Science for specializing in any direction they may choose. Degrees offered are Master of Arts, Master of Science and Doctor of Philosophy.

The Department of Medicine

In this department a four-year course is given, leading to the degree of Doctor of Medicine.

The Department of Engineering

In this department, four-year courses are given, leading to the degrees of Mining Engineer, Mechanical Engineer and Chemical Engineer.

The Department of Law

In this department, a three-year course is offered, leading to the degree of Bachelor of Law.

Tuition in Academic Department free to Virginians. Loan funds are available. All other expenses are reduced to a minimum. Send for Catalogue.

HOWARD WINSTON, Registrar.

Literature Texts

Contract Price, Postpaid

Addison: Sir Roger de Coverly Papers. Edited by John Calvin Metcalf, Ph. D..... .23

Burke: Speech on Conciliation with America. Edited by James M. Garnett, Ph. D..... .23

Carlyle: Essay on Burns. Edited by R. A. Stewart, Ph. D..... .23

Coleridge: The Ancient Mariner. Edited by Norman H. Pitman, M. A. ..... .23

Goldsmith: The Vicar of Wakefield. Edited by G. C. Edwards, M. A.,..... .23

Macaulay: Essays on Milton and Addison. Edited by C. Alphonso Smith, Ph. D. .23

Milton: Minor Poems. Edited by R. T. Kerlin, Ph. D. .23

Pope: Homer's Iliad. Edited by Francis E. Shoup and Isaac Ball, M. A..... .23

Shakespeare: Julius Caesar. Edited by Carol M. Newman, Ph. D..... .23

Shakespeare: Macbeth. Edited by J. C. Metcalf, Ph. D. .23

Shakespeare: The Merchant of Venice. Edited by Robert Sharp, Ph. D..... .23

Tennyson: The Princess, Edited by Chas. W. Kent, M. A. .... .23

B. F. JOHNSON Publishing Com'y

RICHMOND, VA.

STATE NORMAL SCHOOL, Harrisonburg, Virginia.

Professional Courses for the training of Teachers.
Special Courses in Kindergarten Training, Household Arts, Industrial Arts, etc.
High School Graduates admitted without examination.
Expenses low. Tuition free. Send for catalogue.

JULIAN A. BURRUSS, President,
WILLIAM R. SMITHEY, Registrar,
Harrisonburg, Virginia.

State Female Normal School,

FARMVILLE, VIRGINIA.

Splendidly equipped for the training of teachers. An up-to-date Training School under expert Supervisors and Critics. Every graduate is an experienced teacher when she receives her diploma.

COURSES: Academic Course. Professional Course I—Leading to Kindergarten Work. Professional Course II—Leading to Primary Work. Professional Course III—Leading to Intermediate or Grammar Grade Work. Professional Course IV—Leading to High School Work. Elementary Professional Course—Leading to Work in Rural Schools.

For information concerning State Scholarships and details of the work offered, address J. L. JARMAN, President, Farmville, Va.

STATE NORMAL SCHOOL,

Fredericksburg, Virginia.

Professional Training for Teachers. Preparation for Home Life.
Special Industrial Courses. All courses lead to Virginia Certificates.
Expenses, actual cost. For free tuition, catalogue and general information, write

E. H. RUSSELL, President.

1776. HAMPDEN-SIDNEY COLLEGE **1913.**

Able faculty. Select student body drawn from many States. Distinct moral and intellectual tone. High standards and thorough work. Extensive campus and athletic field. Notable record in Athletics. 14 unit entrance requirement. Degrees conferred: B. A., B. S., B. Lit., M. A. Steam heat, gas, baths, and all modern conveniences. Expenses moderate. The 139th session will begin September 9, 1914. For catalogue or other information, address:

President HENRY TUCKER GRAHAM, D. D.,
HAMPDEN-SIDNEY, VIRGINIA.

Mrs. Robert B. Stiles

PHONE **FLORIST** 910

Cut Flowers, Plants, Funeral Work, Wedding Boquets and Decorations furnished on short notice.

Greenhouses - 636 W. Washington St.

T. S. BECKWITH & Co.

We invite every teacher and pupil in the School to make Our STORE their Home. Come, let us help you. Gladly give any information. Very truly,

T. S. BECKWITH & COMPANY.

THE NATIONAL BANK OF PETERSBURG

PETERSBURG, VIRGINIA.

Organized 1889. The Oldest National Bank in Southside Virginia.

Capital, ... *$100,000.00.*

Surplus and Profits, ... *$245,000.00.*

E. A. HARTLEY, President. B. B. JONES, Cashier.

T. F. HEATH, Vice-President. E. H. BEASLEY, Asst. Cashier.

WASHINGTON & LEE UNIVERSITY

FOUNDED AND ENDOWED BY GEORGE WASHINGTON
ADMINISTERED BY ROBERT E. LEE

Situated in the unrivaled Valley of Virginia, with its lofty traditions and inspiring memories, it gives a 20th Century training amid the social culture of Old Virginia, at its best, and gathers to its campus a select student-body from 35 States and foreign countries. *For Catalogue, &c., address:*

PRESIDENT HENRY LOUIS SMITH

Lexington, - - Virginia.

CHAS. D. REESE

Manufacturing Jeweler

BADGES, MEDALS, CUPS.

College, School, Society Pins and Emblems

57 WARREN STREET,

NEW YORK.

Education has and will have largely
to do with the success of our country

Just so does the happiness and
COMFORT OF THE HOME

DEPEND ON THE USE OF GAS

FOR LIGHTING, COOKING, HEATING,

GAS IS UNSURPASSED

ASK THE GAS MAN.

PETERSBURG GAS COMPANY

SUSANNA JAMES, Prop. *A. N. SCOTT, Mgr.*

GEO. W. JAMES

Plumbing, Tinning and Heating

ESTIMATES CHEERFULLY FURNISHED.

117 W. Washington St.

ATHLETIC GOODS

D. W. BRANCH

36 South Sycamore Street.

STOVES of all kinds

HOT WATER, STEAM

AND

WARM AIR HEATING

PLUMBING THAT LASTS.

Phone 52.

ROBERT E. BRUNET & CO.

W. H. HARRISON CO.

GASOLINE ENGINES

FARM MACHINERY

WAGONS AND BUGGIES

AUTOMOBILE ROBES

FOR THE LARGEST LINE

AND BEST QUALITY IN

House-Furnishing Goods

Go To **J. W. THOMAS & CO.** To buy Them.

PHONE 303

SERVICE

The dependable kind is what you can expect from this house. The aim is to furnish the best shoe for the price in every respect on a par with the quality of the merchandise.

J. Reinach & Sons

SHOES THAT SATISFY

E. E. JOHNSON

Home Made Candies

ABSOLUTELY PURE. TRY THEM.

PHONE 1236 407 W. WASHINGTON STREET

KRESGE'S

5 and 10 Cent Store

— FOR —

SCHOOL SUPPLIES.

New York Clothing Co

"WHERE QUALITY PREVAILS."

MAN'S UNDERSTUDY

YOUNG AMERICA—He's Some Boy too, at least Uncle Sam and the rest of us think so. The best is none too good for him. That's why we feature the BEST CLOTHES PRODUCED FOR BOYS. The style and quality are supreme, and have earned for America "The STANDARD of the WORLD."

School Emblems.

I am in a position to furnish any kind of College or High School Emblem in Gold or Silver, at the lowest prices.

Get My Prices Before Ordering.

STANTON PILCHER, Jeweler

THE VIRGINIA NATIONAL BANK

Solicits Your Savings Account

$1.00 Will Start an Account

WE ALLOW 4%

CAPITAL AND SURPLUS $500,000.00

TO HIGH
School Graduates

If you add a business training to the splendid education you have you will be prepared to meet the battles of life successfully and equipped to do something the world will pay liberally to have done. You need not remain a book-keeper or stenographer always, as these positions, while remunerative, are simply stepping stones to something higher. Our students get a thorough individual training in every branch.

To prospective patrons of our school we promise a wide-awake, energetic, progressive, practical education, worth many times its cost. Write or phone for full information. Remember our course is unlimited and rates the lowest.

BOWMAN'S COMMERCIAL COLLEGE

South and Hinton Streets.

Ding, Dong, Bell,

WE'VE NEW SCHOOL SUITS TO SELL.

Everything in the way of dress for MEN and BOYS that will add to the comfort and confidence—and confidence is an important factor in school as well as in business.

CALL ON US AT

67 Sycamore Street.

WALTER E. EANES & CO.

"Clothes What Fit."